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ness," that students in harmony, and young composers who have an honorable ambition to distinguish themselves, often steer clear of the very models most essential to give them a correct foundation on which to build their own feeble firstlings. Such students, in their ardor to produce something startling, forget that among all the rules of art there is "no law which consecrates dullness,"* and that the true genius, in studying works of standard harmonists, is like the bee among the flowers, he is to take what he can from each, but is not to forget to turn whatever he obtains into pure honey by the force of his own intellect, and yet not steal.

The deficiency of form among amateurs in their compositions for amusement is by no means as common in Germany as it is here in the profession of music, for the reason that the best models in composition are more frequently heard there than here. In America, outside of our large cities, the musical enthusiast has actually nothing to train his taste but street-bands and barrel-organs, if we except occasional concerts, which are, however, likely to be still worse than the others. In Germany the child at the breast is taken to pleasure gardens and concerts, where excellent orchestras perform the immortal works of Mozart, Beethoven, Haydn and Von Weber, so that as its tender body is nourished by the mother's milk, its delicate ears are ravished and delighted by consecrated strains. In such a pure atmosphere of artistic excellence, it cannot do otherwise than grow up with as correct ideas of form (i. e. *sense* in music) as it does of the construction of sentences in colloquy. A child is a vitalized sponge. When it is absorbing ideas of color, shape, language, distance, propinquity, friendship, hatred, truth, falsehood and a thousand other things, how can it be reasonable to suppose that its little ears must be idle or insensible all this time. The ear is proverbially one of the most delicate of all the organs of sense, how important then, that while correct impressions are so carefully insisted upon by the educator of the child in other respects (while it is not allowed to call blue *yellow*, or to say the sky is *nearer* than the ceiling), it be equally prevented from considering cacophony *music*, or fashionable yells and howls (as of some Christians in their churches!) pure forms of the divine Art.

But all this is a parenthetical digression from our main topic, the only apology for which must be to lay bare the root of one of the great musical evils of our community, namely the neglect of the young in our Art.

Graduates from schools grow up, and at length form "the people." They are destined, many of them to grow rich, to become eminent in business or in letter, to "cut a dash" in one of the numerous ways we daily see, and to show forth their sublime ignorance of everything musical on every possible occasion, of which there are plenty enough, indeed, what with the operas, concerts and Philharmonic Societies, school receptions, and private parties of a fashionable city life. Is it not lamentable for a man who can admire a Titian, who can eulogise a poem of Gray or of Goldsmith understandingly, and who can go into raptures over an antique piece of sculpture, when

* Ruskin.

the subject is changed to *music*, to praise with equal warmth "O Susanna," "Dandy Jim," and a Beethoven symphony. Yet such men—aye, and women too—are to be met with every day. I call them a living and healthful perennial penance and "thorn in the flesh" to musical artists and cultivated amateurs.

Talk to such people about the beauties of an overture or concerto, and you speak Greek to a mud-fish. Explain, or try to explain to them the poetry of the Symphonic Form, and it is like preaching ethics to a lamp-post. Let us hope for improvement in the next generation.

The first part of this sketch was a slight disquisition upon Musical Form in general; the Symphonic Form will now claim our attention.

The Symphonic Form has not changed in its great essentials since the days of Haydn, who was the most extensive reformer in this style of composition that ever lived. The so-called concertos and symphonies of Bach and Handel were much shorter, and some of Handel's symphonies consisted of but one short movement, a mere interlude in fact, whereas the colossal requirements of a modern symphony comprise at least three and sometimes even five distinct movements. Between these a certain etherial relationship must exist, so as to form one glorious created whole, in which every passion of the human heart is depicted, and during the performance of which the poetic soul can revel in the delights of imaginary companionships, affording consolatory and ineffable delights, incomprehensible, inexplicable and unspeakable but none the less real.

The most common proportion of movements in a symphony, trio, quartet, sonata, or concerto (for these must all be built on a symphonic foundation), are three quick ones and one slow movement, disposed as follows: The opening movement an *Allegro*, to represent the "dog-trot" course of an uneventful daily life. *Secondly*, an *Adagio* or *Andante*, in which the woes and griefs of life are depicted. *Thirdly*, a *Scherzo* or *Intermezzo*, taking the place of the old-fashioned *Minuetto* or dance movement, in which the composer has greater license for carrying out any quaint conceits or *outré* figures. This movement to me has always seemed more suggestive of man in a high state of excitement, as on a spree or "reveling ungodly." *Lastly*, the *Allegro Vivace* or *Presto* often paints life as in a hey-day of a prosperity which is never to end—according to his vain belief, alas! Sometime the first *Allegro* is prefaced by a short, slow introduction, *Largo* or *Adagio espressivo*, which makes five movements.

Now, considered from a poetic, imaginative and æsthetic point of view, how vast a field is here presented to the composer of genius and knowledge! Yet of the dozens who have written symphonies, how few there are who have filled up the measure of the above idealization!

There has more unmeaning rhapsodical nonsense been written about music, I suppose, than about any other art, yet what wonder when one fully appreciates the dazzling splendor of the subject, when one has seen its wondrous effects as a civilizing agent, when one has felt its resistless power? What art is equally puissant in such opposite forms as the "lullaby" of an infant and the "onward march" to battle; the religious and

solemn church anthem, and the interlude at a play-house; the tear-quickening childish nursery song and the exciting ball-room waltz. Poetry in a lonely state of single blessedness often shrinks into oblivion when unmarried to music. Pictures and paintings mournfully skulk to the background and confess themselves "old fogies." Sculpture, frigid, lifeless and unsympathetic, vainly tries to shrug her dead shoulders and congratulate herself that she "is pretty to look at and is always there;" but all bow at last before Music which is painting, poetry, sculpture and music in one, and is the only art of whose existence life is the indispensable condition.

Very likely this is all nonsense too, but perhaps also it may be *sensible nonsense* to some readers! Now you well-dressed heathen living in a Christian land, you who talk in public or who write for the public, you whose nut-shell brain-pans, or picayune souls can never take in and digest anything deeper or more substantial in our art than an Italian opera or negro minstrel melody, did you ever think before of what a symphony might mean?

You who, when you see a violin (the "violet" of the orchestra as "Seraphael" says) can only realize wood and cat-gut, who when you hear a grand orchestra can only think of how "funny the fiddlers' elbows look," the next time your heretical and profane pens are tempted to attack one of these grand creations of a now translated genius, pause, "remove the shoes" from off your sacrilegious feet, and walk and write respectfully, for the "ground" on which ye tread "is holy!"

HENZLER.

LIVES OF THE EARLY PAINTERS.

BY MRS. JAMESON.

ANDREA MANTEGNA.

Born 1430, died 1506.

For a while we must leave beautiful Florence and her painters, who were striving after perfection by imitating what they saw in nature—the common appearances of the objects, animate and inanimate, around them—and turn to another part of Italy, where there arose a man of genius who pursued a wholly different course; at least, he started from a different point; and who exercised for a time a great influence on all the painters of Italy, including those of Florence. This was ANDREA MANTEGNA, particularly interesting to English readers, as his most celebrated work, the Triumph of Julius Cæsar, is now preserved in the palace of Hampton Court, and has formed part of the royal collection ever since the days of Charles I.

ANDREA MANTEGNA was the son of very poor and obscure parents, and born near Padua in 1430.* All we learn of his early childhood amounts to this: that he was employed in keeping sheep, and, being conducted to the city, entered—we know not by what chance—the school of FRANCESCO SQUARCIONE.

About the middle of this century, from which

* The dates of Mantegna's birth and death were long subjects of uncertainty and controversy. According to some authors, he was born in 1431, and died in 1517; but the best and latest authorities are now agreed upon the dates as given in the text.

time we date the revival of letters in Europe, the study of the Greek language and a taste for the works of the classical authors had become more and more diffused through Italy. We are told that "to write Latin correctly, to understand the allusions of the best authors, to learn the rudiments at least of Greek, were the objects of every cultivated mind." Classical literature was particularly studied at the University of Padua. Squarcione, a native of that city, and by profession a painter, was early smitten with this passion for the antique. He not only traveled over all Italy, but visited Greece in search of the remains of ancient art. Of those which he could not purchase or remove he obtained casts or copies; and, returning to Padua, he opened there a school or academy for painters—not, indeed, the most celebrated nor the most influential, but at that time the best attended in Italy. Squarcione numbered one hundred and thirty-seven pupils, and was considered the best teacher of his time. Yet of all this crowd of students the names of three only are preserved, and of these only one has attained lasting celebrity. By Squarcione himself we hear only of one undoubted picture displaying great talent; but it appears that he painted little, employed his scholars to execute what works were confided to him, and gave himself up to the business of instruction.

ANDREA MANTEGNA was only known in the academy of Squarcione as a poor boy, whose talent and docility rendered him a favorite with his master. He worked early and late, copying with assiduity the models which were set before him, drawing from the fragments of statues, the busts, the bas-reliefs, ornaments, and vases, with which Squarcione had enriched his academy. At the age of nineteen Andrea painted his first great picture, in which he represented the four evangelists; his imagination and his pencil familiarized only with the forms of classical art, he gave to these sacred personages the air and attitude of heathen philosophers, but they excited nevertheless great applause.

At this time the Venetian JACOPO BELLINI, father of the two great Bellini, of whom we shall have to speak presently, arrived in Padua, where he was employed to paint some pictures. He was considered as the rival of Squarcione, both as a painter and teacher. Andrea was captivated by the talents and conversation of the Venetians; and yet more attracted by the charms of his daughter Nicolasa, whose hand he asked and obtained from her father. Jacopo Bellini was of opinion that he who had given such early proofs of assiduity and ability must ultimately succeed; and, though Andrea was still poor and but little known, and the Bellini family already rich and celebrated, he did not hesitate to bestow his daughter on the youthful and modest suitor. This marriage, and what he regarded as the revolt of his favorite disciple, so enraged Squarcione that he never forgave the offence. Andrea having soon after completed a picture which excelled his first, his old master attacked it with the most merciless severity, and publicly denounced its faults. The figures, he said, were stiff, were cold—without life, without nature; and observed sarcastically that Andrea should have painted them white, like marble, and then the color would have harmonized with the drawing. This criticism came with a particularly ill grace from him who had taught the very principles he now condemned, and Andrea felt it bitterly. The Italian annotator of Vasari remarks, very truly, that ex-

cessive praise often turns the brain of the weak man, and renders the man of genius slothful and careless; but that severe and unjust censure, while it crushes mediocrity, acts as a spur and excitement to real genius. Andrea showed that he had sufficient strength of mind to rise superior to both praise and censure; he felt with disgust and pain the malignity of his old master: but he knew that much of his criticism was just. Instead of showing any sense of injury or discouragement, he set to work with fresh ardor. He drew and studied from nature, instead of confining himself to the antique; he imitated the fresher and livelier coloring of his new relations, the Bellini; and his next picture, which represented a legend of St. Christopher, was so superior to the last, that it silenced the open cavilling of Squarcione, though it could not extinguish his animosity, perhaps, rather added to it; for Andrea had introduced among the numerous figures in his fresco that of Squarcione himself, and the likeness was by no means a flattering one. Notwithstanding the admiration which these and other works excited in his native city, the enmity of his old master seems to have rendered Padua intolerable as a residence. Andrea therefore went to Verona, where he executed several frescoes and some smaller pictures; and being invited to Mantua by Ludovico Gonzaga, he finally entered the service of that prince. The native courtesy of Andrea's manners, as well as his acquired knowledge and his ability in his profession, recommended him to his new patron, who loaded him with honors and favors.

Some years after he had taken up his residence in Mantua, and had executed for the Marquis Ludovico and his son and successor Frederigo several works which yet remain, Andrea was invited to Rome by Pope Innocent VIII, to paint for him a chapel in the Belvedere. The Marquis of Mantua permitted him to depart but for a time only; the permission was accompanied by gifts and by letters of recommendation to the pontiff; and, the more to show the esteem in which the painter was held, he bestowed on him the honor of knighthood.

Mantegna, on his arrival in Rome, set himself to work, with his characteristic diligence and enthusiasm, and covered the walls and the ceiling with a multiplicity of subjects, executed, says Vasari, with the delicacy of miniatures. These beautiful paintings existed till late in the last century, when Pius VI. destroyed the chapel to make room for his new museum. While Andrea was employed at Rome by Pope Innocent, a pleasant and characteristic incident occurred, which does honor both to him and the pope. His holiness was at this time much occupied and disturbed by state affairs; and it happened that the payments were not made with the regularity which Andrea desired. The pope sometimes visited the artist at his work, and one day he asked him the meaning of a certain female figure on which he was painting. Andrea replied, with a significant look, that he was trying to represent *Patience*. The pope, understanding him at once, replied, "If you would place *Patience* in fitting company, you should paint *Discretion* at her side." Andrea took the hint, and said no more; and when his work was completed, the pope not only paid him the sums stipulated, but rewarded him munificently besides. About the year 1487 he returned to Mantua, where he built himself a magnificent house, painted inside and outside by his own hand, and in which he resided, in great esteem and honor, until his death in 1506. He

was buried in the church of his patron saint, St. Andrew, where his monument in bronze and several of his pictures may yet be seen.

The existing works of Andrea Mantegna are so numerous, that we must content ourselves with recording only the most remarkable, and the occasions on which they were painted.

In the year 1476, Andrea executed for his friend and patron, the Marquis Ludovico Gonzaga, the famous frieze representing in nine compartments the triumph of Julius Cæsar after his conquest of Gaul. These were placed round the upper part of a hall in the palace of San Sebastiano, at Mantua, which Ludovico had lately erected. They hung in this palace for a century and a half. When Mantua was sacked and pillaged, in 1629, they, with many other pictures, escaped; the Duke Carlo Gonzaga, reduced to poverty by the vices and prodigality of his predecessors, and the wars and calamities of his own time, sold his gallery of pictures to our King Charles I. for twenty thousand pounds; and these and other works of Andrea Mantegna came to England with the rest of the Mantuan collection. When King Charles' pictures were sold by the Parliament after his death, the Triumph of Julius Cæsar was purchased for one thousand pounds; but, on the return of Charles II, it was restored to the royal collection, how or by whom it does not appear. The nine pictures now hang in the palace of Hampton Court. They are painted in distemper on twilled linen, which has been stretched on frames, and originally placed against the wall with ornamented pilasters dividing the compartments. In their present faded and dilapidated condition, hurried and uninformed visitors will probably pass them over with a cursory glance; yet, if we except the Cartoons of Raphael, Hampton Court contains nothing so curious and valuable as this old frieze of Andrea Mantegna, which, notwithstanding the frailty of the material on which it is executed, has now existed for three hundred and sixty-seven years, and, having been frequently engraved, is celebrated all over Europe.

Andrea retained through his whole life that taste for the forms and effects of sculpture which had given to all his earlier works a certain hardness, meagreness, and formality of outline, neither agreeable in itself nor in harmony with pictorial illusion; but in the Triumph of Julius Cæsar the combination of a sculptural style with the aims and beauties of painting was not, as we usually find it, misplaced and displeasing; it was fitted to the designed purpose, and executed with wonderful success; the innumerable figures move one after another in a long and splendid procession, as in an ancient bas-relief, but colored lightly, in a style resembling the antique paintings at Pompeii. Originally it appears that the nine compartments were separated from each other by sculptured plasters. In the first picture, or compartment, we have the opening of the procession; trumpets, incense burning, standards borne aloft by the victorious soldiers. In the second picture, we have the statues of the gods carried off from the temples of the enemy; battering-rams, implements of war, heaps of glittering armor carried on men's shoulders, or borne aloft in chariots. In the third picture, more splendid trophies of a similar kind; huge vases filled with gold coin, tripods, &c. In the fourth, more such trophies, with the oxen crowned with garlands for the sacrifice. In the fifth picture are four elephants adorned with rich garlands of fruits and flowers, bearing on their

backs magnificent candelabra, and attended by beautiful youths. In the sixth are figures bearing vases, and others displaying the arms of the vanquished. The seventh picture shows us the unhappy captives, who, according to the barbarous Roman custom, were exhibited on these occasions to the scoffing and exulting populace. There is here a group of female captives of all ages, among them a young, dejected, bride-like figure, a woman carrying her infant children, and a mother leading by the hand her little boy, who lifts up his foot as if he had hurt it; this group is particularly pointed out by Vasari, who praises it for its nature and its grace. In the eighth picture, we have a group of singers and musicians, and among them is seen a youth whose unworthy office it was to mock at the wretched captives, in which he is assisted by a chorus of the common people; a beautiful youth with a tambourine is distinguished by singular spirit and grace. In the last picture appears the conqueror, Julius Cæsar, in a sumptuous chariot, richly adorned with sculptures in the antique style. He is surrounded and followed by a crowd of figures, and among them is seen a youth bearing aloft a standard, on which is inscribed Cæsar's memorable words, *Veni, Vidi, Vici*—"I came, I saw, I conquered."

The inconceivable richness of fancy displayed in this triumphal procession, the numbers of figures and objects of every kind, the propriety of the antique costumes, ornaments, armor, &c., with the scientific manner in which the perspective is managed, the whole being adapted to its intended situation far above the eye, so that the under surfaces of the objects are alone visible (as would be the case when viewed from below), the upper surfaces vanishing into air; all these merits combined render this series of pictures one of the grandest works of the fifteenth century, worthy of the attention and admiration of all beholders.*

* In the British Museum there is a fine set of the woodcuts in chiaro-scuro, executed by Andrea Andreani, about 1599, when the original frieze still kept its place in the alcove at Mantua.

(To be continued.)

[From the North American Review.]

PHILOSOPHY OF THE FINE ARTS.

BY ERNEST VON LASAULX,

Only a few nations, comparatively, have reached the height of dramatic poetry. The Hebrews never rose above the lyric, and the Scandinavians attained only a crude epic. Greek poetry was the first that passed through a complete cycle of development, reaching its zenith in the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. English poetry culminated during the sixteenth century in Shakespeare; French, during the seventeenth, in Corneille, Racine, and Molière; German, during the eighteenth, in Goethe and Schiller. In Æschylus we find frequent traces of epic and lyric element which disappear in Sophocles and Euripides; and this is true also of the older English dramatists, as compared with the "Swan of Avon." Likewise in mediæval literature we observe the same chronological order. First, the priestly poetry, of which Muspilli, Krist, and Heland are specimens; secondly, the epopee or heroic poem represented by the Nibelungen and Kudrun; then the lyric of Troubadours and Minnesingers; and lastly, sacred and profane drama in the Mystery and Miracle-Plays. As song

forms the transition from music to poetry, so the drama is the connecting link between poetry and prose. In it rhyme ceases to be an ornament, and becomes an excrescence and a hindrance; and the only species of verse at all suitable to it is the Iambic measure, which approximates very closely to prose. Indeed, modern dramatic poetry shows a constantly increasing tendency to rid itself of all metrical restraints and employ the freer vehicle of artistic prose. A versified tragedy degenerates almost inevitably into declamation and rhetoric, a fate from which even the genius of Schiller has failed to save it.

The youngest and the most spiritual of the arts is prose. Its instrument is speech, like that of poetry; but it is speech emancipated from the limitations of metre, alliteration, and rhyme,—speech set free, *oratio soluta*; consequently it has fewer technical difficulties to overcome, and expresses itself more clearly and directly. The Muse of poesy is not the less fettered, because with truly feminine taste and tact she makes an ornament of her thralldom, and weaves her chains into garlands. Besides, the source of prose is not the imagination alone, nor any other isolated faculty; it is an outflow of the whole mind, and its domain is coextensive with the combined powers of the soul. It is as much above poetry as character is superior to faculty, or a full symmetrical man to a single fine feature. With a less complex mechanism it can do more, and is an organ of higher revelation. The essential nature of poetry is plastic; the spirit of prose is picturesque. The former is allied to sculpture, as the latter is to painting, or as music to architecture. The higher and more spiritual an art is, and the finer the material which it employs, the more intimately it is connected with the personality of the artist. The architect projects the plan; others erect the building. The sculptor moulds the clay in the form of the statue, and is thus brought into closer relations to his creation; but it is the stone-cutter who puts it in marble, and the founder who pours it in bronze. The painter, however, not only sketches the cartoon, but with his own hand limns the picture. So in music, the lowest of the speaking arts, the composer who creates the work commits it to the musician for execution, and it has no real existence until the latter embodies it in sound; and it seems to us that prose, as compared with poetry, bears the seal of the author's individuality more clearly impressed upon it, inasmuch as the poet is obliged to fit his conception to a Procrustean form from which he has only a very limited power to modify; his thought is forced into an artificial channel, while that of the prose-writer flows with the wider freedom of a river wearing its own bed and heaping up its own shores. In poetry, too, there is a lingering vestige of music; its full effect depends as much on the tone, color, weight, and temperature of the words and letters, as on their meaning. The versification of Coleridge's Christabel, or of Milton's Allegro and Penseroso, is inseparable from the very sentiment of those poems; and Shakespeare's Tempest is a symphony with passages as beautifully modulated as any in Beethoven; indeed, the whole play, like Caliban's enchanted island, is

"full of noises,
Sounds, and sweet airs, that give delight, and hurt not."

In prose those purely *sensuous* qualities of language are less prominent; the word is valued more for its signification, and not so much for its sound. Chronologically, also, it is a later development than poetry, and presupposes a greater maturity of the

general mind. From the epos sprang romance and history; from the lyric, theology and philosophy; and from the drama, oratory. Thus in Grecian literature we can trace this continuity of growth, and find that Homer and Thucydides, Pindar and Plato, Sophocles and Demosthenes, are connected by a link as logical as that which binds conclusion to premise in the clamps of a syllogism. It is only a progress from individualization to generalization; from the concrete to the abstract, corresponding to the growth of the intellect in men and nations.

As the most romantic landscapes lie where craggy mountains and fertile lowlands meet, so the most poetical periods in history are where a rude and dark age just begins to brighten with the soft tints of a dawning civilization; but with the increasing light of culture is ushered in the era of prose, which, like an invading monarch, first takes possession of the valleys and the plains as a legitimate domain, and then pushes her conquests into the highlands, whose native queen, Poesia, retires farther and farther into her constantly diminishing realm, until at length nothing remains obedient to her sceptre but the solitude of a Parnassian peak. In literature, the ascendancy of prose is always in direct ratio to the general advance of the human spirit, and the clearing up of the intelligence. As a vehicle for the movement of ideas, it is far more adequate than poetry, and is therefore a better exponent of modern civilization. Substantially, the barriers between these two arts are already broken down, so that the terms poetry and prose no longer represent distinct circles of thought and emotion; they also become assimilated in *form* and *grammar* in proportion as the sensuous life of language dies out, and the spiritual qualities predominate. Thus, one of the most marked peculiarities of modern language is what might be called their prose organization; i. e. their prosody or metrical system is founded, not on quantity, but on accentuation, so that by this change the chief distinction between *oratio vincula* and *oratio soluta*, as understood by the ancients, is lost; and we may confidently look forward to the time when the fusion of these forms shall be rendered more complete, by the abolition of that "bondage of rhyming" which Milton condemns as "the invention of a barbarous age," and which Ben Johnson characterizes as "wresting words from their true calling." There is no good reason why the relative duration of successive syllables in time should have been insisted upon as essential to poetry; for we might with equal propriety follow the example of Simmas of Rhodes, and establish a canon that the lines should be of such length, and so arranged, that the finished poem would present to the eye the form of a heart, a battle-axe, an egg, a flute, or a phoenix. But the constant tendency in human speech is to shake off these conventional shackles, in proportion as it frees itself from the domain of the senses, and becomes an organ of revelation for the higher reflective faculties. The spiritualizing and enfranchising influence of Christianity transformed Greek into an accentuated language; and Grimm has shown that the same process took place also in German, which originally made quantity or the temporal value of the vowels the basis of its prosocial system.

[To be continued.]

"Crispino" is rehearsing at St. Petersburg's Imperial Opera.